

THE JOURNAL'S EXCLUSIVE NEWS FROM THE FIGHTERS' CAMPS AT CARSON.

FITZSIMMONS ATTENDS CHURCH. FITZSIMMONS ON NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE. CORBETT ON HIS CONDITION.

Fighter Tells How He Spent Sunday and Describes His Condition for the Journal.

By Robert Fitzsimmons.
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Carson, Nev., March 7.—This morning I got up to find that it was still snowing, and that the temperature was very low. I made a good breakfast from snipe, shot within a mile of my house, and some well creamed coffee. Repairing to my gymnasium at 9 o'clock I had a few rounds with the bag and played handball for about an hour. The snow was too deep and the roads too dangerous to attempt any running, and for that reason I confined myself to indoor work. About noon, after my rubbing down, I visited the State Prison, staid just over the hill, on the road to Carson, and attended divine services held by Chaplain Rev. George R. Davis, in the dining room of the institution. After the benediction the prisoners shook hands with me through their bars and expressed the hope that I would put every nerve I had into the fight, and that I was here to win. I also took a hot bath at the prison, and was rubbed down by my trainers. The weather has warmed up a little this afternoon, and in a day or so I think the roads will again be clear, so that I can get to running again and keep it up without interruption to within a day of the fight. I am in fine condition and the future promises me everything.

SILER TO HIS CRITICS.

Says the Big Fight Will Be Governed by His Instructions and by Them Alone.

By George Siler.

Carson, Nev., March 7.—There appears to be more talk and controversy among sporting men and sporting writers as to the duties of a referee and the Marquis of Queensberry rules pertaining to the coming contest than I have ever heard of before. I am accused by some of trying to frame new rules, I am censured by others for being on the grounds a month before the contest, others "roast" me for talking to the fighters about the rules, and still others claim I want the principals to give their interpretations of the rules.

One Eastern sporting writer, over his nom de plume, claims that I am in every way possible making capital out of my position, and a lot of other rot. Those who are censuring me for being on the grounds forget that Professor John Duffy of New Orleans, who refereed all the big fights in that city, was always on the grounds; still nothing was said about it. I was at El Paso a month before the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight, interviewing the principals, and sent those interviews to the papers I was representing; still I did not hear any "croaking." I have not as yet heard any harsh words said or written about the numerous referees in the East who live in the cities where the matches were made, right at their door steps, as it were, and at which they officiated. The late sporting writer and all round good fellow, P. J. Donohue, lived in New York City, refereed a number of contests there, and also chronicled the doings of the principals. Still there was no "kick" registered. And I may say the same of Johnny Eckert, also a well-known sporting writer and referee. I referred all the finish contests at Roby and visited the fighters on behalf of my paper, but nary a "knock" did I hear. And I could mention any number of incidents such as those stated above.

All the roasting I get from jealous-minded sporting men or misinformed sporting writers does not injure me in the least. The principals selected me knowing they would get all that is coming to them, no more, no less. Dan Stuart, the promoter of the big contest, has implicit confidence in me, as has everybody who knows me, and their confidence would not be shaken in the least, even though I lived with one of the principals. They know I have a reputation at stake, as well as have Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and they also know that I will sustain that reputation. For the benefit of those who think I am working my position for capital, I will say that I am here as correspondent for six papers—the Chicago Tribune, Cincinnati Enquirer, Philadelphia Record, Buffalo Express, New York Morning Journal and the San Francisco Examiner.

I will also state that had I not been selected as referee, I should have been on the grounds for the same publications. I receive a handsome recompense for all matter I send out from here, and if I did not get the news my employers would have no use for me. With reference to the stories now afloat that I am interviewing Corbett and Fitzsimmons as to how they interpret the Marquis of Queensberry rules, so as to make them all as falsehoods, I'll admit they have both given me what they consider their construction of the rules, but I cannot remember that I have ever expressed my opinion either for or against their opinions.

I have refereed any number of contests, have never expressed an opinion about the principals or the rules in any form whatever, and certainly will not do so in this affair.

It does not make a particle of difference to me what Bob or Jim thinks about the rules, they will fight according to my instructions, and no other. I have been mixed up in pugilism for thirty years, have always had a reputation for honesty and fair dealing, and believe I am too old to shift now. I will close by saying I will continue visiting the principals, will continue interviewing them for the benefit of the readers of the publications I represent, and will permit them to talk all they choose regarding the rules. Corbett and Fitzsimmons selected me for judge their contest, and are both satisfied with what I am doing. They have more at stake than anybody, and if they do not find fault I cannot understand why those who have nothing at stake should.

The best man will win, and that is all there is to it.

LETTERS THAT FITZ GETS.

One Sanguine Correspondent Dreams of a Knockout in Three Rounds—A Challenge.

Carson, Nev., March 7, 1897.—Here are a few gems Bob Davis found in Fitz's mail to-day: "New York City, Feb. 28, '97. To Mr. R. Fitzsimmons, Dear Sir: I am writing you those few lines to be letting you now that I dream of you knocking out Corbett in three rounds good luck (Bob) I have bet ten dollars on you, good luck. Best of luck. (Signed) Timm, 68 James St., New York." "From Des Moines, Ia.,

March 1st, '97. To Robert Fitzsimmons,

Dear Sir: Having heard through the papers that you were receiving lots of mail I concluded I would bother you with my "trash." Say "Hello" to your wife and children. I am sorry that you have to wait 15 more days before you can "shut that guy off." Corbett has got an advantage over Cleveland though. Corbett don't retire to private life till after the 17th inst. Well, I must "chew off." Hoping that nothing will prevent you from proving who's champion of the world. (Signed) Clip Clipper, Des Moines, Iowa, Buffalo, N. Y., March 1, '97. To Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons: In case you win your fight with James Corbett, I do hereby challenge you for a contest for the championship of the

world. If a man does an awful crime, they write it up because people want to read about it. They don't put him in the paper because they love him. I like to be in the

paper sometimes, because it helps my business, and I don't pretend that I don't; but when you fellows think you fool me by pretending that you do me a favor you are way off. Why should I give you fellows for nothing what I could sell for a good price. Do you suppose I sell those soap advertisements for nothing, or Paderewski only plays on a Getaway piano because it is better than any other? Of course not. They do it because they are paid. Now you fellows can't scare me, and I will tell you why. You don't own the newspaper. This contract is the best thing that ever happened to the American newspapers. It has had the effect of making you boys work, something you never did before. I'm on.

"The old way you used to sit around in a body and receive the report of one man who had been to get the news, and who in turn came to the love feast and fished it up to the gang. The result was that a paper got the news, but there was never anything very warm in the way of scoops. Now it is different. The Journal and the Examiner get all the news and the pictures and the best stuff, and you guys have to hop out and do something for a living to make any kind of a showing, whatever. I sell, so it is a good thing for the proprietors, and for the first time in years the reporters have got to hustle for everything they get. It keeps you diligent, and everybody is doing his best to get a bit of real news. And all it requires is work. Come off and don't kick any more. Go out and work and earn the money you get for coming here. At all my fights before I have seen you sit around in a comfortable place and divide things up every day. It was a snap then. But the exclusive business this time gives you a hemorrhage, and you have to drift to hold your jobs. Laugh

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He Opens His Mind to Certain "Old Journalism" Correspondents Who Found Fault with the Contract He Has Made with the Journal.

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Among them were a number of newspaper men, who took occasion to make sarcastic speeches to him because he had no statements to make for their respective papers. They joshed him a little about his contract and intimated that he could not expect much friendship hereafter from the press of the United States. "Ah! go on," said Fitz. "I don't bother about you fellows. The proprietors don't give me any of their columns because they love me, but because their readers want to read about me. Some of you fellows are pretty friendly, because it suits you to be. It suits you to go to the office and tell the main guy that you can get anything out of Fitz—that you can make him talk and that you can do anything with him when no one else can. Then you get plenty of expense money from the boss, nice trips around the country and have a good time. The newspapers have got just as much love for me as they have for any one else.

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By James J. Corbett.

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Carson, Nev., March 7.—I have been thinking considerably during the past week of some of the current stories concerning my condition and speculating on the effects aimed at by those responsible for their publication, and it occurred to me that, this being a quiet day with us, I might contribute something on that general subject to your readers. I do this for a double purpose—first, because the sporting reading public has come to rely upon your columns for authentic information on the subject of the championship contest; and, second, because I desire to put my friends and admirers in possession of the exact facts, so that they may be enabled to act intelligently when they come to decide upon witnessing or wagering on the battle. To begin with, I was never in better condition than I am at the present moment, and I never was in as good health since I made my first appearance in the ring.

It is my wish to have the truth in the premises known. I have never "jockeyed" with the public for the purpose of influencing betting or forming a judgment on the outcome. I have been the recipient of many courtesies and kindnesses at the hands of some good people ever since I first went into training. And every time I engage in training for a battle I have those people in mind. I propose that they shall know the truth from me, so that they may act accordingly. And I rely upon the Examiner and the Journal to disseminate this information. A word to the wise and I would not for any consideration go into a championship contest if I were not fit to fight. I would think it a much wiser course to retire from the engagement after it was entered into than to go on and take a chance of landing the glory and emoluments over to some one else.

toward obtaining charters for tracks No. 1 and 2 are under way, and no trouble is looked for when the applications are filed.